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Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POETRY.

SABBATH EVENING.

Is there a time when moments flow
More peacefully than all beside?
It is of all the times below,
A Sabbath eve in summer tide.

O then the setting sun smiles fair,
And all below, and all above,
The different forms of nature wear
One universal garb of love.

And then the peace that Jesus beamed,
The life of grace, the death of sin
With nature's placid woods and streams,
Is peace without, and peace within.

Delightful scene! a world at rest,
A god all love, no grief nor fear;
A heavenly hope, a peaceful breast,
A smile unsullied by a tear.

If heaven be ever felt below,
A scene so heavenly sure as this,
May cause a heart on earth to know
Some foretaste of celestial bliss.

Delightful hour! how soon will night
Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign;
And morrow's quick returning light
Must call us to the world again.

Yet will there dawn at last a day,
A sun that never sets shall rise;
Night will not veil his ceaseless ray,
The heavenly Sabbath never dies!

A LEGEND OF LIFE.

While still the flush of youth and hope
Stood mantling on my brow,
Nor yet a blur was on life's page—
That page so blotted now—

Methought the world was roft of sin,
Its roses bloomed so fair;
My novice hands were strangers then
To thorns that finger'd there.

First, Wisdom came, with mien severe,
An anchorite of ages past,
Who fain would pour into our ear
Deep words to chain my reverent fast:

Although the chambers of the brain
Closed not their portals to his tread,
His eloquence was breathed as vain
As requiems chanted o'er the dead.

When Prudence next essay'd the task
To charm, with words reputed wise,
I found, on peeping 'neath his mask,
Regret was beaming in his eyes:

When oft he taught from Memory's page,
I laugh'd his teachings all to scorn;
'Twas not beneath his vassalage,
My spirit's strength should o'er be shorn.

At last I saw a dimpled boy
With ruddy face appear,
Whose cheeks of rose soon made me love
His laughing, roguish leer:

When once I tried to rove with him,
I ne'er would rove alone;
Alas the rogue had learned to steal—
I felt my heart was gone.

Even as I learned his name was Love,
He turned away to flee;
Thought oft I cried my heart to have,
He ne'er would give it me;

As if he gloried in the theft,
He gave my dearest part
To Beauty's sweetest, fairest maid,
Who still holds fast my heart.

WHAT A MAN WANTS HIS WIFE TO KNOW.
There are certain things a man wants his wife to know,
And which are never learned at ladies' seminaries,
And but too seldom we fear at home.

One would like his wife to know how to make a shirt.
Ever so rich, it would be a comfortable sensation
To think that she made it; yet there are some
Who cannot even sew on a button.

To be able to cook a beef steak properly,
To toast a joint to a turn—to make a savory sauce,
Or dish up a fricassee—to cook one's husband a good dinner,
In short, if need be—is what every woman ought to know, and what very few do.

It is a solemn fact, that not one marriageable girl, in twenty can make a really good cup of coffee.

It is all very well to study French, without ever being able to read or speak it with any facility—to learn six or eight sciences up to a confused smattering, unavailable from the fear of making blunders—to learn music and dancing for the parlor and drawing room; but a man wants more than this in a wife, and the sensible lover is often frightened away from an amiable girl by a display of accomplishments, which indicates the lack of more useful acquirements.

MISCELLANEOUS.

KEEP THE LOAF UNDER YOUR OWN ARM.

A TRUE STORY.

The following is copied from a New York paper printed in the year 1776, and is related as a fact. Similar cases often occur in these days, that a parent, having given his all into the hands of his children are obliged to spend the remainder of his days in poverty and want.

"At this time there is living at Harlem, an old man who relates the following remarkable story of himself. He was possessed of a pretty good farm, with slaves and every thing necessary for his business, and had but one child, a son who, having married, it was agreed that the young couple should live in the house with the parent as he was a widower. Things went exceedingly well for some time, when the son proposed to his parent that he should make over to him his estate, promising to build a new house and otherwise improve the farm. The father, through persuasion, gave him a deed or gift of it, and every thing belonging to it.

After a few years, as the father grew old, he grew a little fretful and dissatisfied, while the son thinking he had nothing more to expect from him forgot his filial duty, and used his aged father worse than he did his servants. The old man was no longer permitted to eat at the table with his son and wife, but compelled to take his meals in the chimney corner, and continually otherwise ill used by them. The old man ate his victuals daily from a wooden bowl, which his son had made for him. His grand-son saw his father make this bowl, and set about making just such another. Being asked by his father what he made it for, he answered, "For you to eat out of when you grow as old as grandfather." Although this ought to have turned his heart, and made him reflect that as he dealt by his father, he might expect to be dealt with by his children when he grew old, still it had no effect upon him and the ill-usage was carried to such a height that he could no longer bear it, but left the house and went to a relation and neighbor of his declaring that if his friend could not help him get his farm back again he should be obliged to come and live with him.

His friend answered that he might come and live with him, and, if he would follow his directions, he would help him get his estate again.

"Take this bag of dollars, carry it into your room, at your son's shut it up well in your chest, and about the time you expect they will call you down to dinner, shut your door, and have all your dollars spread out at table in the middle of the room. When they call you, make a noise with them, by sweeping them from the table into the bag again."

The bait took completely. The wife had peeped through the key-hole, and saw the dollars spread out on the table, and told it to her husband. When the old man came down, they insisted on his sitting down at the table with them and treated him with uncommon civility.

The old man related to his friend what he had done, who gave him directions what to do if his son asked him for the money.

After a few days, the son discovered the old man very busily engaged in counting out his money, and at the next meal time asked what money it was that he had been counting.

"Only some money I had received from the discharge of one of the bonds I had standing out. I expect more in a few days, and I fear I shall be obliged to take Mr. _____'s farm, upon a mortgage, as he is not able to raise the money, and if the farm is sold it will not fetch as much as will discharge the mortgage."

After a few days, the son told the father he intended to build a house on the farm, and would be glad if his father would let him have that money.

"Yes, child, all that I have is coming to you! I intend giving you the bonds and mortgage I have, but then I think it will be best to have it put all together in a new deed or gift. I will get neighbor L— to call here and draw a new one."

Accordingly, his friend and cousin, who had devised the scheme, came to the house, the son gave the old deed, that another might be drawn for it. When the old man had got the instrument in his hand, in the presence of his friend he broke off the seal, and committed the writing to the fire saying—

"Burn! cursed instrument of my folly and my misery!—and you, my dutiful children, as this estate is all my own again, you must remove immediately, unless you will be content to be my tenants. I have learned by sad experience, that it is the best for a parent to hold the loaf under his own arm—and that one father can better maintain ten children, than ten can a father."

COLLEGE FOR CANONS. A gentleman, in reading a description of Windsor came to the following passage: "Within St. George's Chapel, Henry I. founded a college for canons."

"A college for canons!" exclaimed a friend, "why, what could education do for canons?"

"Make them great guns, to be sure," replied the gentleman.

We notice that in Nantucket they make known the publications through the newspapers. A very good idea. It saves the ladies much time formerly spent in gossiping the news about.

Now, every body knows "who's to get married." Newspapers are the proper vehicles of information. [See.]

AGRICULTURAL SCHOOLS.

It is truly gratifying that more attention is being bestowed upon the establishment of Agricultural Schools than has ever taken place previously. We are rejoiced at this; because we believe such institutions eminently calculated to do much good to our country, if properly conducted.

In regard to the question which parents so frequently find themselves called upon to ask—"What are we to do with our sons?" Agricultural Schools under judicious arrangements, would do much to afford the most fortunate avenues for a final and happy answer. A general discussion has had the effect to satisfy all intelligent minds that what are termed merely the learned professions have a tendency to be sadly overstocked. So also with Clerkships and Merchants without any thing whatever to aid them forward in business. Instead of parents still continuing to crowd their sons in these uncertain and unproductive avenues, we agree with an intelligent contemporary, that it would be far better to put them between the handles of a plough, teach them the honest, independent, praiseworthy and sure business of a farmer—let them learn how to cultivate the land—to make two blades of grass grow where one now grows—to clear ground—to plough, sow, reap, and harvest, to learn the business not only mechanically but scientifically—to understand why and wherefore this tillage or that tillage, this soil or that is most productive. We have land in abundance; we only require the knowledge how to make it productive, and men of high rank and family pride need not blush to see their sons farming—it is the true nobility of the soil—the sure road to independence, good citizenship, and real happiness. There never need be any apprehension that a brilliant mind, if reared in the noble pursuits of agriculture, will not find sources enough to make itself known and felt. Many of the greatest minds of every age have been those who have been reared amid the contemplative and beautiful scenery of rural industry—whence they have been afterwards called to participate in the highest duties of State and nation. And if thousands of our sons now seeking the overrun avenues of the professions and the crowded ranks of the Clerkships in our large cities, had the good fortune to become students in good Agricultural Schools, their prospects for the future and the hopes of their country would be immeasurably advanced. [Democratic Expositor.]

WORK FOR CHILDREN.

There is no greater defect in educating children, than neglecting to accustom them to work. It is an evil that attaches mostly to large towns and cities. Children suffer much from it. The parent never considers whether the child's work is necessary or not to the child. Nothing is more uncertain than their future independence and comfort—much depends on being accustomed to work—accustomed to provide for the thousand constantly recurring wants that nature entails on us.

If this were not so, still it preserves them from bad habits—it secures their health—it strengthens both mind and body—it enables them better to bear the confinement of the school-room and it tends more than anything else to give them just views of life.

It is too often the case that children, provided they spend a half dozen hours of the day at school, are permitted to spend the rest as they please. Thus they grow up in the world without a knowledge of its toils and cares. They view it through a false medium. They cannot appreciate the favors you bestow, as they do not know the toils they cost. Their bodies and minds are enervated, and they are exposed to whatever vicious associations are within their reach.

The daughter, probably, becomes that pitiable helpless object, a novel-reading girl. The son, if he surmounts the consequences of our neglect, does it probably after his plans and station for life are fixed, and when knowledge, for one of its important objects, comes too late.

No man or woman is fully educated if not accustomed to manual labor. Whatever accomplishments they possess, whatever their mental training, a deduction must be made for ignorance of that important chapter of the world's great book.

THE SCOTCH THISTLE.—The origin of this national badge is thus handed down by tradition:—When the Danes invaded Scotland, it was deemed unwarlike to attack an enemy in the pitch darkness of night, instead of pitching battle by day; but on one occasion, the invaders resolved to avail themselves of this stratagem; and in order to prevent their tramp from being heard, they marched barefooted. They had thus neared the Scottish force unobserved, when a Dane unluckily stepped upon a supurily pricked thistle, and instinctively uttered a cry of pain, which discovered the assailants to the Scots, who ran to their arms, and defeated the foe with great slaughter. The thistle was immediately adopted as the insignia of Scotland.

Not long before Thomas Hood's death one of his literary friends wrote to him of a severe illness from which he had himself been suffering. Hood's characteristic reply was:

"I am sorry to hear of your dangerous attack, and rejoice that it is passed; as for me, I have been so near Death's door, since I saw you that I heard the creaking of the hinges."

Why is a barber shaving his friend, like one who tries to get acquainted with you? Because he is scraping an acquaintance.

THE REVERENDS appear to have been funny at the meeting of the new holy "Christian Alliance." They made puns, cracked jokes, &c. in a manner that created great merriment. Dr. Bacon, of New Haven said:

"The Pope talks of dissolute Italians leaving his dominions, but I believe, Mr. Chairman, that he keeps all such at home—for I have never met with any such—and he makes himself liable for an action of slaughter for the utterance of such a sentiment. He says, moreover, that the Italians who emigrate are poor. The Pope himself is very much troubled to pay his debts; he is as bad off as Pennsylvania. It would not be wonderful if his subjects were poor, for he has shamed and shamed them till there is nothing left. I don't wonder that the Pope is poor, sir. Any man would suffer that affliction, who had so many Jesuits, priests and nuns quartered upon him."

The last thing which the Pope has been frightened about, is railroads. He will have no railroads in Italy; he is more inflexible than New Hampshire. But he can't do it, sir. He must keep clear of the track, for the engine is coming. Look out, for the bell is ringing!

The jollity of Dr. Bacon excited the Rev. Dr. Beecher's risibility, and when the meeting was dissolved, he let off the following witticism:—"This will do, I think, and if the Pope had been here to hear it, I think he would have said it would do, too—do him over." [Boston Post.]

A REMARKABLE CITY.—Constantine is one of the largest and most interesting cities in Africa, and is probably the most remarkable in the world from its situation; it is placed upon the top of a rock nearly square, surrounded nearly by a deep ravine, at the bottom of which runs a rapid river and cuts it off completely from the surrounding country. Nature seems to have prepared this almost invulnerable site for a city—it stands amidst mountains covered with eternal snow. The scene is grand and the ravine most awful, varying from three to nine hundred feet in depth, of bare rugged rock; at the bottom is a river which dashes most furiously along its rough and broken banks, and at last emerges from a valley at the foot of the mountains, by an almost perpendicular fall of one hundred and fifty feet. Just at this point, from the peak of the towering rocks above, is the place of execution of the unfaithful wives of the citizens; the poor wretches were thrown from the rock above, and descending nine hundred feet below, were dashed to pieces. When the French took the town, many of the inhabitants in terror threw themselves from these rocks into the abyss below. Constantine cost the French two expeditions, as they failed in 1836, and were obliged to retreat with great loss. In 1837 they were successful, but lost their commander-in-chief, with a large number of officers of high rank, and altogether the town cost five thousand men, as I am told by an officer who was present on both occasions. However, with the French in possession of the town, it is impregnable.

HINTS FOR HOT WEATHER.—Every person, who has a care for health, comfort, and happiness, may well look to the kind and quantity of food which he consumes during the warm weather. Any physician will advise the very moderation and selection which we now urge, and nature herself, notwithstanding the contrary influence of cherished habit, will, if carefully consulted, point out a medium course, and invite us to pursue it. If this species of philosophy was more carefully and more generally adhered to, there would be less disease, less sluggishness, and more comfort experienced during the summer months. The physician would have less to do, and the people less to complain of. Our omnivorous propensities may be sometimes indulged without harm, but hardly so now. The very beasts whose nature has directed to feed extensively upon raw meats, afford us an example of moderation; by themselves abstaining in a considerable degree, while the warm season continues. With fruit and vegetables in luxurious abundance and variety, and an adequate supply of the lighter elements of flesh and fish, there is every opportunity for choice; every inducement to experimentalize on the philosophy of feeding.

A writer on political economy says, a vast number of people never seek an article themselves; it must be brought to their knowledge by others. Of remark is that this class of people are better off than the richest and the most thrifty in the community. The explanation given of it is, that they devote themselves so closely to their business as to have no time to run all around the town or country, bargaining; while those who have this propensity are generally neglectful of their business, and thus lose at home what they gain abroad. The first class sometimes lose a trifle abroad but their gains at home are sure and steady.

CANDLES THAT DO NOT NEED SNUFFING.—Candles may be made to burn their own wicks by saturating them with a strong solution of Nitre, and then thoroughly drying them. The cause of the wicks of candles refusing to burn, is the air cannot get access to them. However, at a high temperature, water is dry enough for this purpose.

Short sentences are so common, that we can scarcely find a single one like a guide post; the other is like a sign post, where we are.

A FRAGMENT. To enter this world without a welcome—to leave it without an adieu—to suffer and be unequal to our sufferings—to stand a sad and silent monument amid the joys of others, which you cannot understand nor conceive of—to carry within your bosom the buried seeds of happiness, which are to grow, of intelligence which is never to burst forth, or usefulness which is never to terminate—to find even your presence afflictive and know not whether you excite compassion or horror—a whole existence without one cheering sound—without one welcome accent—without one exhilarating thought—without one hope of the future—On! what a cloud of wretchedness covers, surrounds, and overwhelms such a deplorable victim of sorrow.

Now, to throw over such a benighted being the sweet rays of intelligence—to open the intellect, and let it gush forth to streams of light and joy—to rouse the affections, that they may know and love God, the giver of all things, and merciful in all his chastisements—to enliven the soul that it may see its origin and destiny—to cause the lips to smile, tho' they cannot speak; the eye to glisten with other emotions than those of sorrow; and the mind to understand, although it cannot hear—Oh! what a beautiful supplement to the benevolence of Heaven.

SPECIMEN OF IRISH REASONING. "Och! Grace, dear honey, it would do your heart good to hear the fine discourse I heard from Tim Fogarty, the schoolmaster at Abbeyside, when he was converting Dick Nowlan. Dick, like a Poor ignorant creature as he is, said that the Protestant religion was the best, for says he, 'Isn't it the reformed religion, and isn't ye all 'Brying out a reform from morning till night, and here's a reformed religion ready made to your hand.' 'Why thin bad-luck to ye, spalpeen,' says Tim, 'sure the Roman ould thrue faith, didn't ye see or hear of Paul's Epistle (which means a letter) to the Romans?' 'Yis I did, sure enough,' says Dick. 'Well, thin,' says Tim, 'did ye ever see or hear of Paul, or any other of the saints, writing a lethur to the Protestants?' Now, Dick, what have you got to say?'—Faith, Grace, dear honey that foolish fellow, Dick Nowlan, was dumb-founded, and could not say boo to a goose; and who after that, could doubt the Roman Catholic religion being the only true one, and could help wishing to convert the good master and Parson Disney, and the rest of the good people, to it?"

MESMERISM is not in favor at Rome. The authorities there have issued a sort of bull against it, declaring the practice of animal magnetism to be allowable in no circumstances. But by what authority does the pope prescribe the opinions which men shall form and determine between the true and the false in science! It is the same spirit that immured Galileo, and proscribed the writings of Erasmus. The truth is the pope claims to be the sole proprietor of all mesmerism influence over the bodies and souls of men, and is jealous of every rival that contends his exclusive right to lay asleep the physical and spiritual energies of man, at his pleasure.

Two gentlemen the other day, at a public table, got into a vehement dispute upon a subject of which it was quite evident both were profoundly ignorant. A big bill dog which had been quietly sleeping on the hearth, was aroused by their violence, and began barking furiously. An old gentleman who had quietly sat sipping his wine while the disputants were talking gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed, 'hold your tongue, you brute. You know no more about it than they do.' The laugh of the whole table was turned immediately upon the noisy bawlers.

Dan Marble, the Yankee comedian, tells of a very smart girl, a maid of all work, that he met about a hotel at Belfast. While flying about the house one morning at a brisk rate, one of the boarders accosted her with—"You're a smart girl Katy."

"Smart, is it sir? well may you say that!" "You do a good deal of work, Katy."

"Don't I sir! Why this blessed morning, sir, I rose at four o'clock, kindled a fire, put on the tea-kettle, swept the kitchen and made every bed in the house before a soul was up!"

A practical farmer informs the Hartford Times, that he has a fine lot of sheep, that he has sold four, and that the others are all sold, and that he is now looking for the cause, he found that those sheep which were set limb part sound. Those which were wet as they grew, were rotted off. This fact is worthy the attention of farmers.

The Roman Catholic Bishop of New York will not allow prayers to be offered for the repose of General Grant.

